

ANOTHER "MUSICAL COMEDY" AT THE NEW NATIONAL

"The Wild Rose," a Characteristic Medley of Comedy, Costume, and Song, Is Well Received.

"The Wild Rose," a concoction of diluted opera which typifies the whole array of "musical comedies" and constitutes the week's offering at the New National Theater, was heartily received last night by an audience of marked brilliancy as far as it went. The outlook is that those to whom such entertainment is congenial will patronize "The Wild Rose" liberally. For every one else, to quote the melancholy prince whose impressive and noble personality is held up to ridicule in one of the songs, "the rest is silence."

It is to be said the performance is good of its kind. There are the usual ingredients: a chorus of about ten men and forty comely women, who take a deep breath two notes before the end of every choral number; half a dozen principals, who atone with exaggeration of gesture for occasional insufficiency of voice; a man dressed in a bear's skin, who dances a clog; a program of songs which consist of one part of melody, one part of spoken words, two parts of "business," not necessarily appropriate to the words, and three parts of dancing; exceptionally bright dialogue by Messrs. Harry B. Smith and George V. Hobart; graceful music by Ludwig Engländer; acceptable stage settings and innumerable costumes. The plot is evidently designed only to congregate these elements of vaudeville or burlesque, and neither singers nor auditors care if the overcoat ensemble finds it incomplete. Finally, Edwin Fay, a comedian who has for many years been received in Washington with unaffected favor, and Miss Irene Bentley, with the help of a fairly competent support, infuse into the mixture a flavor of true humor and genuine fun, Miss Bentley disclosing a charm of personality and resource of action which agreeably surprise everyone. The judgment of last night's audience was distinctly favorable to the offering.

Yet a sight of this Monday night gathering must have excited the speculations of any student of present stage tendencies. Gallery and balcony were comparatively empty. The orchestra alone was well patronized and there every seat was taken. It was manifest, then, that compositions like "The Wild Rose" obtained their support from those able to purchase whatever form of entertainment they might desire. Their desire for the past five years has produced this anomalous creation of mediocre music, suggestive words and situations, and opulent costuming, and has supported it so loyally that seven such performances are now on view in New York city, and an even dozen are included in the season's program for Washington.

So far there is no fair sign that this attitude is transitory. "The Trusting Show" occasioned only half the sensation which has attended the progress of more recent "musical comedies." New York not long ago permitted Henry Irving to play before half-houses in the Knickerbocker Theater and reserved the seating capacity of the entire building weeks before his successors assumed the stage to exploit this same form of entertainment. The play has evidently ceased to be the thing.

The end to this dominion is more likely to come through a surfeit of too much rather than through starvation from too little. An overfed appetite in theatrical affairs, as elsewhere, is worth a whole world of critical admonition. Meanwhile the stage is under the control of those who go to the theater to laugh, and those others who regard it as a means of public instruction and entertainment of another nature can only rejoice that "The Wild Rose" is the latest concession, is a notable advance over the smaller productions of last season and two seasons ago.

A. D. A.

The Columbia—"The Old Homestead."

The presentation of "The Old Homestead" at the Columbia Theater last night reminded the public that although the stage today is almost inundated with so-called problem plays, musical comedies of a more or less nondescript nature, and other theatrical products there are still left some examples of another school, a school almost extinct, which in its simplicity, its palpable lack of dramatic extravagance appeals to even the most blasé theatergoer as a touch of balm.

With due regard for the play as an idyl, its durability as a dramatic offering might be questionable were its famous author and chief actor, Denham Thompson, absent from the cast. Mr. Thompson's long association with the piece has served to place it among the classics of its kind. His quaint personality, breezy old-fashioned methods, and delightful conception of the role long ago established a type of character which has formed the basis for numberless stage creations in the past fifteen years. The part is absolutely dependent upon the actor, and although he might play it in many different ways Mr. Thompson has chosen to eliminate all suggestion of dramatic treatment, and give the public a study of a sweet, old-fashioned, lovable man—one whose heart and home are ever open to whomsoever is inclined to accept the hospitality. Mr. Thompson does not seem to act, and so stands out from the majority of his contemporaries. He simply portrays nature in nature's own way. For this the public has learned to love him, and people who rarely attend the theater in the regular season never fail to see the veteran actor in "The Old Homestead."

After seventeen years' presentation before the public it would seem the play has received its full measure of criticism. The story of Joshua Whitcomb's life at the farm in Swazey, N. H., his redemption of another's son by which he regains his own son, followed by the resumption of that same even exist-

ence at the old home, are known the length and breadth of the land. "The Old Homestead" is replete with bright dialogue, not of the epigrammatic sort, but lines characteristic of the locale and people in the story. To the tramp Uncle Joshua says, "Guess you be somethin' like a singed cat—you feel better'n you look." Again, in recalling boyhood days with Henry Hopkins, who has become a millionaire, he says: "Say, Henry, 'member ole Zeb Watkins?" "Yes," Hopkins answers. "Well, he's dead." "No!" says the millionaire. "What complaint?" "Oh, no complaint," Uncle Joshua replies, "everybody satisfied."

In writing his play the author has contrived to introduce the most complete group of character studies to be found in any recent play. True, they all probably belong to the locality in which the piece is written, but they are unique and interesting, nevertheless. Cy Prime and Seth Perkins, playing respectively by Charles Carter and Charles Clarke, are fine examples, while Ed Ganzer with his never-ending, tuneless whistling, is capably played by Frank Knapp. The double quartet gives several numbers, chiefly "The Old Oaken Bucket," and Alfred Kappeler, a former Washingtonian, sings "The Palms" in the church scene.

Vaudeville at Chase's.

The bill at Chase's Theater this week offers a variety, ranging from the song and dance act of the "Beaux and Belles Ocotette" to scenes in China by the vitaraph. Some of the features are good, but a few might find a more congenial place than on the Chase stage. The Ocotette heads the list deservedly. The act is a neat bit of dancing interspersed with song. The members of the company, so to speak, are eight good looking young people who have evidently studied their parts until the performance has been resolved into a dainty and attractive vaudeville act. For some reason their press agent deems it advisable to remind the public that it is "daintier than the 'Florodora' sextette," but this is not at all necessary, as the "Beaux and Belles" seem capable of getting through the season without the borrowed fame of the "Florodora" maidens.

Carroll Johnson, resplendent in several vivid costumes, appears in monologue. His dancing is always good, and this season he gives an imitation of the old-time minstrel show before the black-face minstrel ruined the prospects of the minstrel business. Yorke and Adams present a Hebrew act which is a little above the average of its kind, and the Winschermann troupe of acrobatic bears is something of a novelty. McWaters and Tyson appear in a short sketch which promises little in the beginning, but which is worked up into a clever bit of entertainment before the end. Paul Barnes and Company fill out their time with a playlet. The Broadway Telo opens the bill, but fortunately many people are late for a vaudeville performance, and so will be spared a few minutes of undeniable discomfort—the discomfort that comes from strenuous but unavailing attempts at comedy. The vitaraph shows a group of interesting scenes in China.

"Superba" at the Lafayette.

Hanlon's "Superba," with the best of its old features and many new ones, was seen last night in the initial performance of the week at the Lafayette Theater. Washington audiences seem never to tire of the gorgeous accessories of the Superba, of the pranks of Pierrot, or the woes of Leander and Silvia. The house was, accordingly, well filled.

"Superba" is presented in three acts, each of several scenes. Silvia, a maiden about to wed, is abducted by Wallalla, Queen of Darkness, to be destroyed in the crater of a volcano. Superba, Queen of Light, interposes her power, and such plot as the play possesses moves upon the struggle between the fairies for the possession of Silvia. The Queen of Light finally wins and the lovers are united, supposedly living together happily ever after.

The plot, however, is the least important part of the "Superba." Scenes changing from the banks of the Thames to those of the Nile, airy castles in fairyland, trembling slopes of a volcano, and the racecourse at Derby afford ample room for the more diverting exhibition of dancing, singing, and athletics. Milburn's Bronx Belles, appearing as Indian girls and in various dancing roles, add much to the interest of the play. A bit of burlesque on the coronation of King Edward VII and his entertainment by Andrew Carnegie is very amusing.

The principal roles are Superba, by Violet V. Holmes; Wallalla, by Kathryn Wayne; Silvia, by Kathryn Swift; Leander, by Helen Gilmore, and Pierrot, by Robert Rossini. A clever exhibition on five horizontal bars is presented in the third act, in which the three Orloffs take part.

Academy—"A Kentucky Feud."

The presentation of "A Kentucky Feud" at the Academy of Music last night by the William T. Keogh company was enjoyed by an audience which filled the playhouse from the orchestra to the gallery. The play was well staged and the circumstances of the deadly feud between the Cole and Buckner families, of Clay County, Ky., were given with a vividness which held the interest of the spectators from the rise of the curtain until the end of the last act.

The plot is the story of a mountain romance in the moonshiner district of Kentucky before the civil war. Ashley Cole, chief of the moonshiners, and Jackson Buckner, a farmer, are all that are left of the two families who have continued the feud for several generations. The strife is aggravated by Jeff Wade, a moonshiner, who falls in love with Buckner's daughter, the latter being also loved by Cole, the moonshiner, and enemy of the girl's father.

As might be expected, there is plenty of action throughout the play. Charles

"Old Homestead" at Columbia—"Superba" at Lafayette—"A Kentucky Feud" at Academy.

J. Swickard as Jeff Wade, Harry Ogden Crane as Ashley Cole, the moonshiner chief; Miss Ashley Burroughs as Jess Buckner, and Miss Lucille Loring as Lizzy Sledge, a daughter of Squire Lafayette Washington Sledge, who is in love with Ashley Cole, well merited the generous applause accorded them. After a hard fight Jeff Wade, the honest moonshiner, comes out victorious by first killing the murderer of Jackson Buckner on Ashley Cole, who is convicted of the crime. As a reward the moonshiner gets Jess Buckner for his wife. Each act closes with an impressive tableau.

In the second act a plantation jubilee with the Blue Grass Pickaninny Band, the original cracker quartet, and the Charleston (S. C.) Blues, was made a distinctive feature.

J. H. Hazleton as Zack, an old plantation negro, and Miss Nellie Hayward as Auntie Lindy, Zack's wife, merited the generous applause they received. Charles J. Edmunds as Squire Lafayette Washington Sledge, gave an excellent presentation of a Kentucky farmer gentleman.

Kernan's—"High Rollers" Company. Judging from the size and enthusiasm of the audiences at Kernan's yesterday, there can be no doubt of the popularity and attractiveness of the "High Rollers" Extravaganza Company, the current week's bill. The variety of the offerings left room for no fault-finding and the quantity and quality of features presented were well up to the usual standard.

The curtain rises on a medley of song and dance entitled "A Woman Hater," and this, like the afterpiece "The Heart of New York," introduces a pretty chorus and a number of really funny comedians. A feature of the latter number are the boxing bouts in which appear pretty girls bearing the names of ring celebrities—past and present. Some of the boxers handled themselves in clever manner and "mixed it up" in lively fashion.

In the olio appear Andy McLeod, a Scotch-Irish comedian, whose songs and musical imitations earned several recalls; Sam Howe and Robert Statt, as Hebrew comedians introduced much that was laughable; Kathryn Milroy, a pretty singer with a good voice, pleased with her selections, and Dixon and Lang made a hit with their songs and imitations of well-known songs celebrities.

The Franklin Sisters—Carrie and Belle—danced gracefully and looked stunning in various costumes; Violet Duseh, as the "Girl in Pink," danced herself into favor in a striking number. One of the most attractive features of the olio was the series of fifteen pictures posed by members of the company and introduced in a novel manner by Miss Abbie Carlton and Andy McLeod. Mamie Irwin and Lora Creighton sang and danced satisfactorily.

"Sons of Ham" at the Empire. In the production of "Sons of Ham" at the Empire the majority of the company serves to divert the audience until the comedians are ready to come on again. Representing for the purpose of the occasion the talent and fun of their race, Avery and Hart, the colored comedians, do well. Dan Avery has a quick and attractive style of being funny, and is deservedly popular. Charles Hart, as Toby Wormwood, is irresistible. The dimensions of his sweet smile, his surprising facial contortions, and his racial adaptability to the humor of the auditors, make him an instant favorite.

The play is not bad and the humor is clean. Ailie Thompson is a remarkable slack wire walker, and has other wire artists of the season beaten. A weird scene, with the indispensable comedians in the middle of the jungle, is "Zulu Babes." Several acceptable vocal artists are given time to exhibit their talents. The company has the distinction of being one of the few excellent colored aggregations now on the stage, and the audience last night was about equally divided between the races.

DISTRICT WORK ORDERED. The District Commissioners today authorized the following items of public work through the Engineer Department:

That the roadway of Thirteenth Street northeast from E Street to Emerson Street, be macadamized at an estimated cost of \$4,000, chargeable to the current appropriation for repairs to streets.

That new curb be set on Eighth Street southeast, in front of reservations 35, 47, and 125, and square 227, at an estimated cost of \$1,200, chargeable to sidewalks and curbs around public reservations, etc.

CONFIDENTIAL DISPATCHES. Justice McKenna, of the Supreme Court, yesterday handed down a decision in the case of the United States against Edward A. Mosley, secretary of the Interstate Commerce Commission, involving the right of the Commission to withhold from the auditing officers of the Government dispatches sent by it.

Mr. Mosley was sustained. The court decided that the dispatches were of a confidential nature and that the requirements of the Treasury Department had been complied with.

IMMIGRATION AGENTS MEET WITH MR. SARGENT. An Annual Conference for Good of Service.

Commissioners of Immigration from every port in the United States as well as special agents of the bureau assembled yesterday in the office of Frank P. Sargent, Commissioner General of Immigration, for the annual conference to discuss matters pertaining to the good of the service. Prior to calling the meeting to order Mr. Sargent introduced to Secretary Shaw the inspectors as follows: William Williams, of New York; John J. S. Rogers, Philadelphia; Louis T. Weiss, Baltimore; George B. Billings, Boston; H. H. North, San Francisco; John Thomas, Quebec and St. John; David Healy, Vancouver, and Robert Watchoun, Montreal.

Among the matters of special importance which will come up for consideration is the Shattuck immigration bill, with the Underwood educational amendment, which is now on the Senate calendar. Another important measure claiming the attention of the commissioners will be the question relating to the smuggling into this country of Chinese across the Mexican and Canadian frontiers.

The Immigration Restriction League, with headquarters at Boston, through representatives, will present reasons at the meeting this afternoon why immigration should be restricted to those who are able to write, read, and speak the English language.

TO CONDUCT THEATER AS ACCESSORY TO A CHURCH

Project Has Approval of Bishop Potter.

NEW YORK, Dec. 2.—The only theater in the world in a church structure, and serving as an accessory to parish work, is now being built in the basement of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Seventy-fourth Street, near Park Avenue.

The Rev. Walter F. Bentley, the rector, made the announcement from his pulpit last evening on the occasion of the thirtieth regular service of the Actors' Church Alliance, of which he has been the general secretary for four years.

Mr. Bentley will have the benefit of a long experience on the stage to help him in running his theater. He was a professional actor for years. In 1892 he was so impressed by a sermon preached by Phillips Brooks in Boston that he left the stage and took up the ministry as his life work.

Mr. Bentley is one of the prime movers in the purpose to bring actors into closer relations with the church, and he is confident that this new venture will result most favorably in accomplishing just this.

Bishop Potter, who is president of the Actors' Church Alliance, and who was expected to have been present last evening, but was unable to attend, is a strong advocate of Mr. Bentley's plan.

NO SETTLEMENT IN SIGHT OF STAGE HANDS' STRIKE.

The Central Labor Union special committee appointed to investigate the differences between the Stage Employees' Union and the Managers' Association reported no progress at the regular meeting of the main body last night in Typographical Temple.

In the matter of the Gas Workers' grievances against John R. McLean, the committee reported that some union men had been re-employed at the works and that others had been given work on the street pending an opening in the regular force.

THE CAPTIVES OF THE CZAR

By WM. MURRAY GRAYDON.

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SYNOPSIS. Victor Sandoff at the age of thirty is head of the Russian Secret Service, succeeding his father, whose assassination by Nicholas he seeks to avenge.

One night, in pursuit of a noted nihilist named Shammarin, who is believed to be released by Vera Shammarin, sister of the nihilist, on condition that he will swear to grant her an equal favor on demand. Her opportunity comes a year later, when the police are again close on the trail of her brother. At Vera's demand Victor gives her a passport for her brother. But the plot is overthrown by Victor's lieutenant, Zamosc, who, already plotting Victor's downfall, gladly seizes this opportunity to denounce him. Shammarin and his sister are captured and exiled to Siberia. Whether ten days later Victor follows them.

Two years pass, when Victor and Shammarin meet in the same prison and become friends. Vera, who has escaped, is able to communicate with them, furnishing tools with which they break out of prison at night and join her, overhauling one of their Cossack guards whose uniform and rifle they appropriate. They evade the troops, and after a long and arduous flight in an open boat down the beleaguered Shilka, take refuge in a hut in which they had been directed on a desperate chance. They spend several weeks. In February, however, they receive their money on foot down the valley of the river. Sandoff learns at a post house, whether he has ventured on a desperate chance, that Zamosc is traveling in a sledge to Vladivostok on a secret mission. The fugitives waylay and capture him and his passport. Sandoff posing as Zamosc, Shammarin as a Cossack, Vera as the wife of an official, Zamosc, bound and gagged, is kept concealed in the sledge. They travel rapidly, and do not even stop at Riga, where it is apparent that the commandant, Colonel Nord, though temporarily absent, has been expected. At Vladivostok they pass through a small village farther on, their way is barred by a gate, which is suddenly swung across the road.

SANDOFF broke into an angry exclamation at the audacity of the deed, as an officer came out of the little box-like military post into the road.

"What do you mean by this?" cried Sandoff angrily.

The man bowed almost to the ground. "Pardon a thousand pardons, your excellency," he entreated. "There was no other way—you were going so fast. The noise of the bells would have prevented you from hearing my voice."

"And now what do you want—my passport?" demanded Sandoff roughly.

"No! No! Your excellency, I beg you not. It is a matter of a different nature. You are the Honorable Inspector Serge Zamosc, are you not?"

"Yes, I am he. Go on."

"Well, your excellency, I have a telegram from Colonel Nord at Riga. He wishes you to remain here until he comes. He has already started."

"The devil you have!" exclaimed Sandoff blankly. "Well, my good fellow, I am sorry I can't oblige the colonel. I am in haste to get to Vladivostok, and I really can't afford to lose so much as an hour. Tell the colonel that a man will come on from Vladivostok in a day or so to look into that little matter of the barracks."

"I am sorry, your excellency," stammered the officer, "but Colonel Nord will take no denial. He insists that you wait here, and I dare not allow you to proceed."

It was clear that Inspector Serge Zamosc might be a real man at home in Russia, but here in Eastern Siberia Colonel Nord was a greater.

"Well," said Sandoff, as he realized the situation and choked down his anger, "I suppose you are only doing your duty. Since Colonel Nord is so important I will await his arrival. How soon do you think that will be?"

"In two hours at the most," replied the officer, "probably less. Until then let me offer you the use of my guard house."

"Thank you," replied Sandoff shortly. "I will go to the post station and order a relay of fresh horses. Colonel Nord will find me there."

SOUTHERNERS PURPOSED TO RESORT TO THE CODE

Challenge to Duel Sent and Accepted.

SCHLEY'S COUSIN INSULTED

Friends Interpose to Prevent Meeting on Field, and Court of Honor Will Arbitrate.

SAVANNAH, Ga., Dec. 2.—Since Thanksgiving Day the friends of two prominent citizens of Savannah have been busily engaged in an effort to restrain them from fighting a duel in accordance with the code. Those most interested in the matter are among the most prominent people in Savannah. As the principals are men of courage and determination, it has required the hardest work on the part of their friends to keep them from actually going upon the field to settle their differences.

The gentlemen who have appeared determined to adjust their differences through the code duello are John Sullivan Schley, a cousin of Admiral Winfield Scott Schley, and a member of one of the oldest families in Georgia, and Dr. F. C. Wilson, a prominent dentist and an expert pistol and rifle shot, who has often been the guest of the Carver Gun Club in New York.

Second in Another Affair. Dr. Wilson gained some notoriety in New York about two years ago by going to the office of a New York member of the Carver Club with a Mr. McAlpin, when the latter had a personal difficulty.

The trouble arose between Mr. Schley and Dr. Wilson in Charleston on Thanksgiving Day, when they had a heated discussion in the Charleston Hotel. As Dr. Wilson is Mr. Schley's superior physically, the latter received a great deal the worst of the fight. He was, among other things, slapped by Dr. Wilson.

Their presence in Charleston was the occasion of the visit of a detachment of the Savannah Volunteer Guards to attend a shoot. Dr. Wilson has held a commission in the guards.

The fight arose over some trivial matter, it is understood, and Mr. Schley smarted under Dr. Wilson's treatment of him. As soon as he returned to Savannah he sought out his friend, A. N. Pratt. Drawing up a formal challenge for a duel, he dispatched Mr. Pratt with it to the doctor, announcing that Mr. Pratt would act for him.

The receipt of the challenge surprised Dr. Wilson not a little, but no man has ever accused him of cowardice and he decided not to back down under the challenge. He sent for W. B. Stevens, a captain in the Guards, and law partner of F. G. Dubignon, general counsel for the Southern Express Company.

Friends Interpose. The captain and Mr. Pratt were consulting over the best way to have matters settled when the news of what was brewing became noised about. Other friends thereupon started in to put a stop to all warlike preparations.

Col. William Garrard, city attorney, who for many years commanded the Guards, and Major W. J. Williamson, the present commander of the battery, appeared as peace-makers. They proposed a court of honor, a sort of arbitration board, to settle the differences, and in order to see who was right and who was wrong.

By this proposition a meeting on the field was averted, it is believed. The board has it is understood, been named, and the friends of both gentlemen hope to have things smoothed over.

For the past three days, in certain circles, little has been talked of except the pending challenge and the tumult it raised.

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"The Coon with the Panama." "Rain or Fallin'." "You, Love, just you." "When you loved me in the sweet old days." "Emaline, my sweet Valentine." "Sadie, my Cockey Lady."

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